THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

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Chronic Diseases—Will receive special attention. may4,'78y.

CARROLL BROS.,

GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKERS,

And Importers of the Best

Scotch Granite and Italian Marbles

Nos. 6, 8 and 10 Sixteenth St.,

WHEELING, W. VA.

A fine selection of MONUMENTS and TABLETS constantly on hand, which will be sold at prices to suit the times. april,'79.

CATARRH

THE EYE, EAR, and THROAT

Successfully Treated with

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

SUCCESS is the test of merit, and success in the treatment of Catarrhal Affections, after so many miserable failures, means undoubted specific curative properties in the remedy used. Does SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh possess such properties? The evidence, in the shape of unsolicited testimonials from the most respectable people in all stations of life, must be conclusive on this point. Never, we believe, in the history of popular medicines has such valuable testimony been offered, freely offered, in favor of any remedy than that in the possession of the proprietors of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. And valuable as it is, it does not represent a thousandth part of the recommendations which are to-day offered by friends to friends in its favor. People of wealth and refinement in all parts of the country daily admit its superiority over any method of cure known to the regular medical profession, but shun the publicity incidental to a published statement. Hence the testimonials are comparatively common, and but a part of those withheld for the reason mentioned. The following unsolicited testimonial from HENRY WELLS, Esq., of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, is an outspoken indorsement of which we are justly proud:

INVALUABLE.

HENRY, WEEKS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.: *Gentlemen,*—I have for some months felt it a duty that I owe to suffering humanity to write you, stating the great benefit that I have derived from the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. For more than 20 years I have been afflicted with this very troublesome complaint. I have tried all the remedies that I could find, but without material or permanent benefit. Last fall the disease had arrived at that state that I must have relief or die. The entire membranous system had become so inflamed, and the stomach so disordered, that it was a doubtful matter whether I could go to the Pacific coast, or if I did go whether I should live to come back or not. I saw an advertisement of this medicine, and although being very incredulous about specifics or nostrums of any kind, yet in sheer desperation I tried this, and was at once benefited by it. The changes of climate, a chronic disease of the liver, and my age—over 70—may prevent my entire restoration, but the benefit I derive from its daily use is to me incalculable, and I am hoping to be completely cured, and at last arrive at a respectable old age.

If this statement of my case can be of any service to those afflicted as I have been, and enable you to bring this remedy into more general use, especially on the Pacific coast (where it is much needed), my object in writing this note will be obtained. Very truly yours,

HENRY WELLS, of Wells, Fargo & Co.

ALTONA, N. Y., June, 1878.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, and full directions for use in all cases. Price $1.00. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

ALWAYS CURES.

Enlarged Spleen.

"I hereby certify that I have been using your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS for Enlargement of the Spleen and Depression in the Stomach, and they have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever used. I would highly recommend them to all suffering from the effects of pain and inflammation. J. W. SELLS.

TICKERING, Mo., June 28, 1877.

Severe Pain.

Having occasion to use a remedy for a very severe pain in my side I tried one of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS, and in twenty-four hours the pain was entirely removed. J. R. BAMIS,

Ass't Cashier First Nat. Bank.

WINONA, MINN., June 19, 1877.

Weaknesses.

Collins' Voltaic Plasters give the best satisfaction here of anything that has been tried for Lameness and Weakness of the Back. Please send more right away. JAMES LEWIS.

BRYANT, ILL., June 16, 1877.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to obtain COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, a Substitution of Inferior Quality is often made. Ask for Collins' Medicated Plaster, as seen in the above cut. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

July 1, '79y.

"OH! MY BACK!" The wonderful success of HUNT'S REMEDY has induced a great many to advertise their worthless preparations for the cure of Kidney Diseases, hoping to sell them on its well established reputation. Do not risk your health by using *any* of these injurious preparations, but try at once HUNT'S REMEDY, which has stood the test for *50 years.*

LATE HOME TESTIMONY.

192 Westminster St., PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 13, 1879.

WM. E. CLARKE—*Dear Sir:* I have suffered very much with my Kidneys and Liver for years. In January, 1879, I grew worse, bloating fearfully. My physician, one of the best in Providence, wished me to try HUNT'S REMEDY, as safe and reliable, as he had known it to cure Kidney Diseases when all other medicines had failed. I did so, and in twenty-four hours I passed four or five gallons of water, the bloat was removed, and the great relief made me feel a well man. Were it not for HUNT'S REMEDY I would not be alive to-day. E. E. SHEPARDSON.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for the Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and Incontinence and Retention of Urine, and is used by the Medical Faculty. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HUNT'S REMEDY

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

jan28,'79.

OLD AND RELIABLE.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates.—It is Cathartic and Tonic.

TRY IT

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order, its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Sick-Headache, Sleeplessness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of Malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

S. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 162 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

Select Story.

(Youth's Companion.)

"PENTATEUCH."

The first time that we saw Pentateuch he was about as unprepossessing and unpromising a spectacle as could well be imagined.

Father and I, coming down the lane one day from the grove, where we had been for autumn leaves, found him standing at the parsonage gate waiting for us to come up—a bare-headed, bare-footed, ragged young negro, who looked just then entirely out of season and out of place.

He took one of his hands from his pocket, long enough to give a pull at a lock of his woolly hair as we drew near.

"Good mornin', folks," he said with a tone of assurance; "I was 'long dis way an' I jes' dropt in ter take dinner wif yer."

I stopped in astonishment, while my father stood looking down at him with an amused smile. I think that father was never provoked or surprised at any thing or any body.

"We are all of us just as God made us, after all," he used to say. "He only knows the whole story, and perhaps we had better let Him do the judging."

"And who are you, pray?" he asked the boy.

"I'm Pentychuke."

"Pentateuch! How in the world did you come by such a name as that?"

"Yass, sah," was the rapid answer. "My ol' man, yer see his name was Moses, an' he *christianed* me Pentychuke, cos I was his works, he say."

Father laughed heartily at this explanation.

"Well, Pentateuch," said he, "you shall have some dinner for your name's sake, if for nothing else. It will never do to have it said that a minister of the Gospel turned the law from his door.—Besides, for all I know, you may be an 'angel unawares.'"

Dear old father! In his kindly, clerical way he always made a joke of his good deeds; but not one of God's naked or hungry ever went uncared from the parsonage gate.

He little thought now how true it was what he last had said, that Pentateuch might prove an "angel unawares." I shudder even now when I think how different it would be with all of us had not God sent the negro lad to our gate that day.

So Pentateuch followed us into the house; and he liked his dinner so well that he remained about the place all the afternoon and got his supper.

Then, almost as a matter of course, he was permitted to remain over night, and at breakfast the next morning; and then, somehow, Pentateuch liked us so well, and we became so interested in him that it was decided he should remain at the parsonage for the present, doing what chores and errands we could find for him in return for his board.

That was the way Pentateuch became a member of our family.

I have not time to tell you very much about Pentateuch, save of the one thing that he did, not long after we first knew him, and on account of which we have always been so thankful that we knew him at all.

Perhaps it is enough to say that he was very much like a great many other young negroes of whom you have read, who have come to live with families here at the north, full of carelessness and indolence and mischief, and yet at times devoted and generous and kind-hearted.

He certainly had one trait which is, I am sorry to say, quite common amongst youngsters of his race—he did not seem to have the remotest idea of any such thing as moral obligation.

He would do all sorts of things and tell all sorts of stories, without any regard whatever to what was right or true; and it was quite impossible to make him regret his misdoings save by punishing him in some way.

We all were more or less troubled about this moral obliquity of Pentateuch's, and my father felt particularly anxious about it.

But mother once said hopefully, "There must be some good in him somewhere. He is always willing to put himself out, and to do what he can to please us. It was only this morning that he searched for more than an hour to find the hatchet for me."

"Yes," father answered bitterly, and then laughed in spite of himself, "and he knew where it was all the time. I saw him hide it under the wood-pile last night, to get rid of cutting the kindling, I suppose."

But let me come at once to my story.

One evening just after tea—it was late in November and the nights were cold—we were sitting about the old-fashioned fire-place, variously occupied, when father, who was looking over the evening paper, and was reading aloud now and then any items of interest that caught his eye, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise.

We all looked up expecting to hear something of importance, but he remained silent.

"What is it?" I presently asked.

"Oh, nothing," father answered, and then looked quite confused, knowing he was not telling the truth. "That is, nothing of any consequence," he added hesitatingly. "Young Ellis escaped from the state-prison yesterday morning and that reminds me I was to go down to Mrs. Ellis' to-night. Katie, child, won't you fetch my coat?"

I ran to bring his great-coat and was helping him on with it when mother came and stood beside him. She laid her hand on his shoulder and looked up anxiously into his face.

"I wish, dear," she said, and she tried to keep the trembling out of her voice—"I wish you wouldn't go out to-night."

Father gently took her hand from his shoulder and held it in his for a moment, kissing it as tenderly and gallantly as he might have done when they were both of them thirty years younger.

"Tut, tut, Susan," he said; "I knew you would begin to worry again if I told you that young reprobate was at large. My dear, what he said in court that day was nothing but idle bravado; he would never dare show himself about here."

But mother still clung to him. "Not to-night," she said coaxingly. "Don't go out to-night."

"But I promised Mrs. Ellis I would come. Besides"—and his voice dropped reprovingly—"do you think I am less in God's hands out of doors than I am here by my own fireside?"

At which she never said another word, only she kissed him more than once before he turned to go out.

And that I believe, is the last time we should ever have seen him alive but for Pentateuch. The boy sat all the while on a cricket by the fire, listening eagerly to what was said, though he appeared to be thinking only of the chestnuts he was roasting.

I must pause a moment here to tell you about young Ellis. His was an unpleasant story, and I will not dwell upon its details. He was a wild, desperate young fellow, the son of one of the deacons of father's church.

From the time that he was old enough to walk he had never caused his parents anything but pain and trouble, until one night in the last spring, he had stained his hands, already black with sin, with a most dreadful crime—the murder of his own father.

He had been arrested, tried and convicted of the crime, mainly through my father's testimony.

The connection of all this with the story I have to tell grew out of a few words that the young man uttered as he left the court room after the verdict had been given. As he was taken out of the room he passed my father, who was sitting near the door.

"It is to *you*," he said in a low, hissing voice, "that I owe all this. Now mark you: the allows me a year to live. Before God I swear that I will leave no effort untried to make you suffer for what you have brought upon me to-day."

It was these words that came to my mother's mind, and to the minds of all of us, that November night when we learned that the murderer was again at large.

One would think that we should not have cared to talk about this terrible threat after father had gone out; but we did talk about it, and gradually worked ourselves into a state of nervous apprehension that could hardly have been greater had we really known of the great danger that father was in.

Every once in a while I noticed that Pentateuch was listening intently to what was said, and was rolling his eyes about in wondering awe.

The old-fashioned clock in the corner struck eight, and then nine. We did not expect father back much before ten.

About nine Pentateuch arose and stood a moment, yawning and swinging his arms about.

"I guess I'll go ter bed," said he.—"Dis chile's precious sleepy."

"I wish, Pentateuch," said my mother, "that you would sit up until John comes home."

Pentateuch, however, only gave another frightful yawn and replied:

"Couldn't tink of it, Missus Morrie. My eyes dey keep slammin' demselves too hard every minnit. Couldn't keep um open any longer to save me from d'struction."

And as he always did just as he pleased, in spite of any of us, he was permitted to depart.

And now I shall tell you of everything that followed, just as I believe it must have happened, though I myself did not know of all the circumstances until some time later.

Pentateuch did not go to bed as he had said he should. He had no sooner closed the door behind him than without stopping even for his hat, he stole out of the back door, down the path to the gate, and then set off at the top of his speed down the road toward the meeting house.

He had put what he had just heard side by side with the faces of two men he had seen near the house that afternoon, and he feared that their appearance had something to do with the escape of Ellis from prison.

Arrived at the meeting house corner, Pentateuch stopped a moment undecided. There was a dark, narrow cross-road that turned off here and ran down through a bit of woods to the house of the widow Ellis.

Could my father have come up yet, or was he still at the house?

That was the question that Pentateuch stood asking himself, when he saw a faint flash of light appear and disappear some distance down the road.

Without farther hesitation he started on again, though quite cautiously.

Just at the edge of the wood his ear caught the sound of voices only a short distance before him.

He had barely time to drop on his knees in the bushes beside the road when those who were speaking passed by. Two dusky, stalwart forms were bearing an unconscious burden between them, which Pentateuch thought was the body of my father.

A sudden rage filled the devoted lad's soul, and he would have confronted the men, but a few words spoken by one of them made him think that his kind friend was not seriously hurt and he sank back in silence.

"The blow will last him until we get to the church, I guess,"—these were the words. "If he ever comes to himself he'll find that hanging near his own pulpit isn't so pleasant as to spread himself in his Sunday sermons there. He'll never testify against *me* any more!"

Then they passed on with their burden and Pentateuch, startled and confused by what he had seen and heard, followed cautiously on the lonely road, not yet comprehending the terrible purpose they had in mind.

It never occurred to Pentateuch to go for assistance; he just followed the men up the road again to the door of the church. Then waiting outside a moment after they had disappeared within he crept stealthily in and up the stairs after them into the body of the church.

And there crouching down behind one of the back pews, and watching the men as well as he could in the darkness, he all at once understood what they meant to do.

I do not care to dwell upon their purpose. I shudder always when I think of it. You will understand of course that they meant, after stunning my father by a blow, to kill him in a barbarous manner by hanging him from the gallery near the pulpit in the church.

And Pentateuch realized this fully as he heard them making ready a rope, and fastening it to one of the gallery posts.

Then for the first time it seemed to occur to him that he was there for something else than to listen in terror; and that something must be done, and that he must do it!

He turned away softly and crept out of the door again into the vestibule of the church. He was still very much frightened and bewildered; but while in the entry groping along the wall to find the door again, he encountered a rope hanging down from the ceiling.

Possessed by a sudden impulse—scarcely knowing what he did or why he did it—he seized the rope eagerly, and then leaping up and grasping it firmly he threw his whole weight violently upon it.

The result, even though he must to a certain extent have anticipated it, surprised and startled him while it filled him with exultant joy.

For far up overhead, in the belfry of the tall church steeple, the old bell that had called the people together so many times to listen to the holy words of the innocent old man whose life was now in such mortal peril, rang out fiercely upon the cold night air calling them to his aid.

And the angry sound falling upon the ears of the men into whose hands my father had fallen, struck to their souls like a knell of doom. It must have seemed to them that God alone could have uttered that fearful warning. They did not dare to return by the way they had entered the church, for they could not tell who or how many men they might encounter. They rushed to one of the church windows, opened it, and thus escaped.

And Pentateuch did not stop ringing. Again and again he threw his weight upon the rope, and again and again the notes of alarm pealed forth from the belfry, until men came running in to demand in wondering and excited tones the cause of the tumult.

Then he led them into the church, and they found my father lying on the floor in the aisle, still insensible from the effects of the blow he had received.

But beyond that, thanks to Pentateuch's timely warning, he was entirely uninjured; and they presently brought him to himself again, and he ultimately recovered from the effects of the injury he had received.

What happened after that—how surprised my father was to find himself in the church with a crowd of friends about him, and how thankful we were when we heard the whole story and realized that he was still safe after all—you can imagine for yourselves.

Only a short time has elapsed since it all took place, so I cannot tell you yet how much Pentateuch improved and developed, and what a fine fellow he grew up to be; but he goes to school regularly and is turning out very bright and quick to learn. So we have very great hopes of him, both morally and intellectually.

One thing I am sure of, he will never want for friends so long as my father or any of his family are alive.

JOHN BROWNJOHN.

How He was Cured of Swearing.

John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not.

"Well, why in the devil isn't it?" said he.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so——wet that the fire would not burn."

"Why, Mary what is the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner.

The beef didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all attempts at mastication, like so much India rubber; and John finally blurted out:

"What makes this——beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's and without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some——old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant.

"It means this John; you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence I intend to do the same! If you don't like to hear it you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this day Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N——s' prescription.

Butter Buyers

everywhere are refusing to take white lardy looking butter except at "grease" prices. Consumers want nothing but gilt-edged butter, and buyers, therefore recommend their patrons to keep a uniform color throughout the year by using the Perfected Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It is the only color that can be relied on to never injure the butter, and to always give the perfect color. Sold by Druggists.

Arithmetical Trick.

As far as we know, the following pretty little arithmetical trick has never been published:

Tell a person to write down a number consisting of any three dissimilar digits. Tell him next to write down the same digits in the reverse order, and to subtract the lesser number from the greater. He is then to state the unit figure of the remainder, and you at once tell him the whole of the remainder.

The result will be as under. The middle figure will always be a nine, and the other two figures added together will always equal nine. Thus, suppose he

Writes	472
Reversed,	274
Remainder,	198

He states the unit figure of the remainder to be eight. You at once announce the remainder to be a hundred and ninety-eight.

Sense and Nonsense.

Important if true—a wife.

Relative beauty—A pretty cousin.

Bridle Chambers—Harness rooms.

Behind Time—The back of a clock.

Acorn on the tree is worth two on the toe.

Paternal acres—The old man's tooth ache.

"Out West" it is loathe the poor Indian.

The way to become round is to eat square meals.

The man who wishes to hire a hand goes to a livery stable.

"Apple-pie order"—apples inside, crust outside.

Is a cousin-German any relation to a Dutch uncle.

A cuff on the ear is worse than two on the wrists.

The tool with which editors hew out their fortunes—the "ads."

"A backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

It is the poorest way to get up in the world, to be continually down in the mouth.

The Sheriff of New York didn't walk at all; but he's got the Astley belt nevertheless.

As we often hear of flying bricks, we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney flue.

Whence does a cock learn the time to sound "his shrill clarion"? From his crow-nometer.

This is a month for storms. Married men will do well to get inside the picket lines before nine p. m.

You cannot judge of the strength of a man's position by his offers to bet with those who have no money.

The man who tried to run a newspaper to suit everybody died in an Eastern poorhouse eighty years ago.

When three or four tramps come in for cold victuals in Cuba, the fact is telegraphed as a surrender of a body of insurgents.

The report that a firm of enterprising Boston publisher proposed to issue a holiday edition of the Patent Office Reports is denied.

An observing correspondent thinks it would be a good idea to have eclipses frequently—it caused so many eyes to turn heavenward.

Little boys who experiment at flattening pennies on the railroad track will do well to pick out the other little boys whom they wish to act as pall-bearers.

A senior one morning rather forcibly exclaimed, "Con-found it!" His chum coolly asked, "Who lost it?" The senior does not use that little expression any more.

Big Sister—"O paps! I must go and hear Nilsson. You know I'm so fond of music." Juvenile Brother, triumphantly—"Then why don't you let me play on my drum!"

To the invitation to be present at the late Boston press dinner, Mark Twain begged to be excused on account of an engagement to perform to the tune of "Rock Me to Sleep."

The gang of burglars who work for seven straight hours to hammer a safe to pieces to secure fourteen cents, known how a country minister feels next day after a donation visit.

One of the great beauties of this country is that the Government is never obliged to advertise for officeholders. The amount of money thus saved every year would probably fill a bar'l.

A little girl coming to Newport, and seeing the willow phaetons, common there, for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here."

A minister asked a tipsy fellow leaning up against a fence where he expected to go when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his young hopeful, "I did not know until to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied the hopeful; "I knew it at the time."

Father—"But, Charley, again I see no improvements in your marks."

Charley—"Yes, papa, it is high time that you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way forever!"

Teacher—"Which of you can mention three animals that live in Africa?"

Johnny—"I can, Mr. Ferule."

Teacher—"Well, let's hear!"

Johnny—"Two monkeys and a parrot!"

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried in an interior county of Georgia for a violation of law. The verdict of the jury was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty." The judge was at a loss whether to sentence or not.

Deadhead was the name of a winning horse at Jerome Park. Of course he was bound to pass. On the other hand, Uncas is the ominous name of another race horse.—Uncas was the last of the race.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

Heavy Merchant to Young Man—"You are now in my employ since six weeks; your conduct, your acquirements are admirable; but what I admire most is the punctuality with which you come half an hour too late every day."

A very careful Bridgeport man always carries a bottle of whisky in his pocket as an antidote for rattlesnake bites. He is now forty-three years old and has never once died of a rattlesnake bite; and he attributes his escape to the antidote.

A quaint old gentleman of an active, stirring disposition had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you never could overtake him."

A young colored man in Kansas, whose pedal extremities project from the middle of his feet, skates as easily backward as forward, but in making short turns he has an awkward habit of treading on his own heels, which causes him to suddenly take a seat on the back of his head.

Miscellany.

Tammany Hall.

Everybody has heard of "Tammany" as a power in the politics of New York City, but probably very few persons outside of the Tammany Society, are aware of the origin of the organization.

On the 12th of May, 1789, died a very aged chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians named Tammany. This Indian was quite celebrated—perhaps justly—for his virtues; and as the first Congress under the new Constitution had met but two months before his death, the idea was suggested of making "Saint Tammany" the patron saint of the young nation. Of course the suggestion was a jest, but it was in keeping with the spirit of the times, for reverence was then at a discount, and joking upon religious matters was common.

The idea was so far acted upon that Tammany societies sprang up in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.—Their object was charitable and benevolent. Their officers bore Indian titles, such as sachem and sagamore, and in the ceremonies there was talk of tomahawks, wampum, and other articles in use among the Indian tribes.

Except in New York, these societies were everywhere shortlived. In New York the Tammany Society flourished, and became one of the great institutions of the city. Many years ago, exactly how long ago we do not know, it began to take, as a body, an interest in politics. No doubt, at first it was animated by a patriotic spirit, and a desire for good government.

Its members were men of prominence and influence, and the action of the society carried with it a weight very much in excess of the numbers comprising the organization. As soon as politics became the chief topic of interest in the society, its usefulness as a benevolent association began to wane, and was soon wholly gone. And it is not surprising that intriguing politicians, seeing the power of the society, were eager to join it, and to exercise that power themselves.

From this cause there have been periods when the name of Tammany has fitly expressed all that was evil and corrupt in the politics of the country. One of these periods was when Tweed was the sachem of Tammany.

The Tammany Society still meets in its magnificent hall in New York City, and its officers are still sachems, but it is now purely a Democratic political organization. Mr. John Kelly is at present at the head of it. A large majority of the Democratic voters of New York City usually look to Tammany Hall for instructions, and in general they obey directions from the Tammany Society implicitly.

At times there have been rebellions, and more than once Democratic candidates, nominated by organizations hostile to Tammany, have been elected over all opposition. But on the other hand, when Tammany has been strong it has imposed its will upon the Democrats of the great State of New York, and has wielded a potent influence in shaping the action of the Democratic party in its national conventions.

It would not be easy within our limits to show exactly the manner in which the society exercises its power in New York City politics. But it may be said that all the important nominations are decided upon by Tammany, and the caucuses and conventions that follow merely carry out the plan previously arranged.

The Democrats of New York City do not all of them march behind the banner of Tammany however. Much as members of the party outside of the city may desire to oblige an organization that controls so many votes, the Democratic State Convention sometimes acts in direct opposition to the society. It has been so this year. Mr. Tilden is an anti-Tammany Democrat. So is Governor Robinson. Before the Democratic conventions this year, the Tammany Society announced publicly that it would, under no circumstances, support the Governor for another term.—Nevertheless he was nominated, and Tammany has "bolted," and nominated Mr. Kelly.

Without any reference to party or to the past history of the Tammany Society, its position and influence are evils. The society is wholly irresponsible. It puts men into office, but it cannot be punished if it puts bad men there. It may be said that when voters accept its decisions, may make its acts their own, and this is true in a certain sense. Yet it is also true that it is virtually an aristocracy, unknown to the laws, and capable of introducing great abuses into our political system, as has been proved many times.

While Republicans have never professed any liking for Tammany or its methods, the Democrats ought to detest it, for it dictates to them, and fetters them so that they cannot exercise their rights freely.

Another Tragedy in Washington County.

MARIETTA, OHIO, October 29.—The particulars of another murder in the lower end of the county, on Monday last, have just come to hand. Joseph Wayson and his son George, while digging potatoes with a man named John S. Buford, got into a dispute as to the position they should occupy in digging, which led to hard words, when Buford started off to get help to whip Wayson and his son.

He returned in a short time with a man named Montgomery, when a general row ensued, during which young Wayson was struck with a loaded whip by Montgomery and felled to the ground, when the father beat a temporary retreat. Young Wayson, on regaining his feet, seized a hoe and delivered a death dealing blow on the head of Buford, fracturing the skull and completely braining him, from the effects of which he died the same evening. The two Waysons are in jail here, as reported last night.

What Makes You Sick?

You have allowed your bowels to become habitually costive, your liver has become torpid, the same thing ails your kidneys, and you are just used up. Now be sensible, get a package of Kidney-Wort, take it faithfully and soon you will forget you've got any such organs, for you will be a well man.

Germany and Austria.

For a long period there were no more bitter enemies and rivals than Prussia and Austria. Both were essentially German nations, and a long struggle, which began with the war between Frederic the Great and the Empress Maria Theresa, and lasted more than a century—until 1866—took place between them for supremacy over the German race.

Austria was an older power than Prussia, and had long been at the head of what was called the "Holy Roman Empire," Prussia having only risen into great importance in the early half of the last century. But Prussia grew strong faster than Austria, and finally, in 1866, overthrew her rival, and expelled Austria from the German confederation.—Since that time Prussia has been the undisputed head of Germany, and Austria no longer claims a place as a German power.

With this change in their relative positions, the two powers have lost the principal motive of their former hostility.—The German Empire no longer fears Austrian rivalry, and Austria has grown contented with her new lot.

Each, moreover, has now some to recognize that Germany and Austria have common interests in Europe; hence a strong friendship has been growing up between them, in place of the old enmity. In mutually supporting each other, they find each his own profit.

For a while, their interests were in common with those of Russia, and the result of this fact was the famous Triple Alliance, concluded three or four years ago between the Emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria. But now this Alliance has worn out its uses, after joining with England and France in making the Treaty of Berlin.

On the other hand, both Germany and Austria have something to fear from the ambition of their colossal Russian neighbor. On the one hand, Russia aims to be the strongest power in Europe, and this Germany cannot witness without jealousy. On the other hand, Russia aims to extend her possessions into Turkey, and as Turkey lies on the borders of Austria, that power fears the advance of Russia in that direction.

Germany is perfectly willing that Austria should control the Danube, and should take to herself the Turkish territory nearest her own western frontier, and Austria would have no reason to object if Germany should take it into her head to annex Belgium and Holland, and build up a strong navy on the German ocean.

Such being the situation, Germany and Austria have decided to make an alliance with each other. There is little doubt that such an alliance was concluded during Prince Bismarck's recent visit to Vienna.

This alliance changes the whole phase of political affairs in Europe. It is no doubt aimed at checking too rapid a growth of Russian dominion and power. It raises a strong barrier against another invasion of Turkey by the Czar, should he be tempted to enter upon it, and it may foreshadow the permanent occupation of a large slice of Turkish territory by Austrian troops.

Russia, meanwhile, finding that she is losing the hold she has hitherto had on her two great neighbors, has been looking elsewhere for an ally, in order to protect herself, if necessary, against them; and such an ally, it is said, she has found in France.

The French have by no means forgotten or forgiven the terrible defeat which the Germans inflicted upon them in 1870. Their chief thought has ever since been to avenge that defeat, and they have been every effort to organizing an army which can cope with that of their foe. It is not unlikely, therefore, that France will listen with willing ear to propositions of alliance from Russia. Then, in case of another war with Germany, France would have the invaluable aid of the Czar's legions.

All these facts foreshadow grave events in the future, and indicate that the time of disarmament is yet far off. They show that the spirit of concord is making but slow progress among the European nations. It can scarcely be hoped that the peace can be kept for any great length of time, with the powers eagerly seeking alliance on all hands, and with so many irritating questions yet remaining to be settled.

More Profit in Selling Stock Young.

A point of advantage, and one that we have often alluded to in connection with cattle feeding, is the enormous difference between young and old animals in the gain produced from a given amount of food. With well-bred pigs, it is an easy matter to secure 230 pounds weight at nine months old; but during the next nine months, nearly double the amount of food will be required, and not more than half as much gain will ordinarily be secured. It follows, then, that while the man who feeds his hogs until they are from fifteen months to two years old may find the business unprofitable, one who feeds well for nine or ten months, and then sells, may reap a large profit, although the price secured per pound may be the same in both cases. Food given to young animals, of all kinds, produces a greater return in growth of carcass, in proportion to the amount consumed, than when fed to older ones, and in no class of live stock is this advantage more apparent than in swine.—*National Live Stock Journal, Chicago.*

Kidney-Wort in hot weather sustains the system and keeps up the strength.

"Whom can we trust?" is the black type inquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we induce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer.

A critic, in noticing a discourse on the "The Savings and Doings of Great Men," remarks: "It is sad to observe how much they said and how little they did."

The Boston Courier discovers that when two young men meet they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

In the statement of receipts and expenditures of the city of London for the year 1877 there occurs this charge: "Dejeuner to Gen Ulysses Grant, $1,877." The item next to it, curiously enough reads: "Reception to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, $3."